



VOL. III. No. 51.

THE TIMES GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Death of Autumn.

BY CLARENCE MELVIN.

The pride of autumn fades away
In winter's chill and snowy sway;
And withered leaves of yellow hue,
The wild wind sweeps the forests through;

And the gray clouds that shade the skies,
Like restless spirits fall and rise.

The wind that sweeps the woodland lone,
Has melancholy in its tone.
And naked branches spreading wide,
Moan by the brooklet's mossy side;

Alas, the summer bloom has fled,
And autumn stumbers with the dead.

The death of autumn! Mourn and grieve,
The hills that stretch so far away;
No trailing green across them spreads,
No tinted joyous autumn brings;

But deeper moans the weeping breath,
That sings the dirge of autumn's death!

From the far realms that mark the north,
Where winter sends his legions forth,
The voice that sweeps upon the blast,
Tells autumn's many hours are past;

Like youth, its hours have failed,

It's closing in the shadowy gray;

Like age, it sinks amid the dead,
With blessings for its moments dead.

A Tale of New England Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Husking Frolic; OR THE RED EAR.

BY PAUL RIVINWOOD.

HIt was an autumn afternoon—the old homestead of farmer Hallop's, grown gray with age, loomed up amid rural and picturesque scenes for which New England is so noted. The valley in front of the house was bright with golden foliage, hills bold and naked, could be seen in the distance, with fields here and there which showed that a fine harvest had been reaped. A neat yard adorned the front, and rising just a few feet from the cosy old porch was an elm, majestic and grand; the ground was thickly covered with leaves of golden bronze, *dead*, but beautiful! A few birds, who had postponed their journey southward to bask in a brief week, perhaps, in the warm beams of the Indian summer, were warbling sweet lays. There was a bush in the sleepy atmosphere, as if Nature was reposing from her toils ere she should begin her winter's siesta and blast the now rich lowness of God's handiwork. Laborers from the fields were wending their way homeward. The sun was sinking behind the distant hills, in a lake of gold, gilding the steeples of the village church which rose gracefully, as if to meet the blue beyond! Within the doorway sat a youth, whose appearance at once told he was from the city. It was Harry Hallop, a distant relation of Squire H., and his good dame, as Harry chose to call his aunt Hulda—his black eyes and soft dark hair set off well his intelligent face. He had that day arrived from a neighboring city, answering her invitation in person, to participate in the *husking frolic* of the village to be given there; he was not far from twenty, handsome, not foppish—a capital specimen of a well-to-do man for the future. He was enjoying the beauties of the evening scene—his attention being taken up between smoking a fragrant Havana and watching a pair of gray squirrels who were taking their last romp before bed-time for up in the tall elm—now and then would come to his ear, borne on the gentle breeze, the whistle of some lone quails and Harry,—naughty fellow!—would whistle in reply just to vex them. Happy was he—he was a heart filled with soul-stirring ambition, alive to all the finer feelings which adorn the *true and noble*. Aunt Hulda came smilingly up to where he was seated, and putting him kindly on his cheek, said,

"Why, Harry, where can Laura be? She ought to have been home long ago and dressed for the husking." She was a fine specimen of a New England housewife, modestly attired in a neat dress with a prim cap setting off her dark hair. Please, Aunt, don't bother yourself about her," said Harry, "no doubt she will be home soon. Really I am anxious, though, to get a peep at her pretty face. If reports are true she must be a fairy—just sixteen—charming age!" smacking his lips to Aunt Hulda and giving a knowing wink at the same time—"Won't I! won't I! try for that red ear!!" His eyes sparkling with mirthful brilliancy as he spoke.

"Look out for it, Harry, and when you get it—should you be so lucky?—you will have a tassel—a right down Yankee set-to, to get a kiss from Laura or else, Aunt Hulda don't guess right. She delights in tormenting a little, I assure you."

Just then might have been heard a voice

—with notes as dear and sweet as a mocking bird's—humming a favorite air. Harry listened as his ear caught the sound,

and Aunt Hulda's face grew radiant with delight.

"That's Laura!" said she, "dear creature, free and happy as a forest bird!"

The voice grew nearer and nearer, and at last she burst upon them in all the beauty and freshness of an early violet which shoots forth to welcome the smiles of Spring! The reports that Harry had heard of his fair cousin—a very distant one, though, by the way—did not equal her bewitching appearance. Her hair was auburn brown, shining like gold, falling freely over her bare shoulders, her face was oval, with large expressive blue eyes—which spoke a loving heart within—the nose straight and finely outlined, with an exquisitely shaped mouth and lips, pouting like full ripe cherries—her form was small but elegant, and Harry thought he had never gazed on a being so lovely. She was dressed neatly, her little feet encased in morocco gaitsers, peeped curiously out from beneath her blue frock, and swinging in her full plump hand was her hat—as she spied Harry she gave a scream and away she flew like an arrow fit to pierce the heart.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 18TH, 1858.

C. G. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT, EDITORS.

Corresponding Editors.
ROB. G. STAPLES, PORTSMOUTH, VA.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, SOUTH CAROLINA.

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Close of the Volume.

The present issue, making the 51 numbers for the year 1858, closes the third volume of the Times. It is customary for printers, and a good custom, to claim Christmas week for a holiday, and therefore no paper will be issued from this office, until we greet our readers again with a "happy new year."

In bidding adieu to the readers of the Times for a season, and in closing our third volume, we have only a few words to write. In the beginning of this year, we promised our readers many improvements in the preceding year. It had always been our constant effort to make each number of the Times the best we possibly could; but experience and increased facilities are of little worth, if we cannot improve upon the past. We are not of those who believe in letting "good enough" alone, and in forever plodding on in the same "good old way;" but we believe in progression; in doing to our utmost capacity now, that we may do better next year.

That we have fulfilled our promises, we leave to the better judgment of our readers, as they call to mind the preceding volumes of the Times. For the future, we bring to our task much more experience; increased facility and a stronger determination to make the Times what it should be, to fill the demands of the South for a home family paper. We trust we feel the responsibility resting upon the position we aspire to occupy; and feeling it, we shall always labor to discharge the duties of the position with fidelity to our patrons.

The first of January, our readers may expect us to greet them again, with our enlarged and improved sheet. The articles are already in hand, with a number of beautiful illustrations. We deem it unnecessary to give the table of contents; but our readers may rest assured the "bill of fare" prepared for the 4th annual voyage, is far superior to the best of the preceding years.

We now bid the year 1858 a formal and a final adieu; and with a joyous hope of greeting all the familiar faces of our old passengers again on deck for the new voyage, we set about with a light heart to hoist the sails, weigh anchor and to "out to sea" the 1st of January.

AT HOME.—The Senior, after a trip of nearly three weeks, returns in time to announce in this week's issue, his safe arrival "at home." His trip has been very successful for the Times, and the readers will begin in next issue to reap the fruits of his labor.

S. C. SENATORS:—The Legislature of South Carolina, has had quite a warm time in the selection of a new United States Senator, successor to the late Senator Evans; to serve for six years from the 4th of March next. On the 16th ballot, Col. James Chestnut, of Kershaw, was elected. Also on a subsequent election, Col. Chestnut was elected to fill the unexpired term of Mr. Evans. At the time of the election, Col. Chestnut was president of the State Senate, and W. D. Porter, Senator from Charleston, was chosen his successor.

GOV. GRAHAM'S LECTURE.—We have the pleasure of announcing that the Hon. William A. Graham will deliver a lecture before the Greenes Monument Association on Friday evening, the 7th of January. See advertisement in this paper. A lecturer has also been secured for February. These lectures are free, and we hope our people will show their appreciation of such treats.

Carrier's Address.

The Patrons and Friends of the Times may expect a visit from the Carrier on Christmas morning. He has gathered for them a nice budget, and hopes they will greet him with an open smile, stretching from year to year.

WESTERN EXTENSION.—The Raleigh Standard is informed that the people of McDowell have voted at the polls, by a majority of 211, to subscribe \$50,000 to the Western Extension.

The University—Again.

By the constitution of the State of North Carolina, adopted in Dec. 1776, it was made the imperative duty of the Legislature, to "establish one, or more, Universities." The Legislature performed that duty in giving a charter to the institution, now so successfully in operation at Chapel Hill. By having chartered no "more" than that one, the Legislature has given a clear interpretation of the intent of the Framers of the constitution. Both the constitution and the Legislative action in accordance with it, clearly show that the University was designed to be the highest literary Institution within the borders of our State. It was this simply which we had in mind when we wrote the sentences for which our neighbor of the Patriot has so gravely taken us to task. We designed to state the true theory of the University, the place its founders intended it should occupy. Normal, and Davidson were not in our thought. If our friend, the Patriot, will open his eye a little wider, he will see that such was plainly and solely our intention.

In our thoughts on this subject we remembered also the state of things in Virginia. There, not only in theory, but by common consent also, as we understand, the University is at the head of Public Instruction. Randolph Macon, Henry and Emory, William and Mary, are not up in arms; do not feel their pride assailed, when the superiority of the University is spoken of. They have better sense. With them theory and practice coincide, and are the same. We have the like theory. The relations of things in our educational system are the same, or should be the same, certainly were intended to be the same; yet if we venture to suggest an inequality, which is in no way disparaging, we are harshly rapped over the knuckles for it. The fact that Davidson, and Normal were chartered as colleges, proves them not to be Universities. We affirmed no more than that. We are not presumptuous enough after this experience, to insinuate that our University, with its large staff of well trained teachers, its long experience, its wide range of instruction, its extensive reputation, is in any degree or way, the superior of the other colleges of our State. The Public can well decide that matter, and we are content to leave the decision of it there.

We here take leave of this aspect of our subject. We are not to be drawn into a controversy about it, with the Sentinel, or the Patriot, or any body else. We will only add that we have not made a "violent attack," nor any "attack" upon Normal college; and that so far from being induced to speak for the University by any effects, felt, or feared, from "the Sentinel's article on Normal," when we wrote our own remarks we had utterly forgotten, if indeed we ever knew, the existence of such an article. The Faculty and Trustees of the University have nothing to do with our paper, except, as we trust they do, to read it. They have not "prevailed on us to come to the rescue;" and we think that the suggestion of our amiable contemporary, that they are "beginning to feel those (damaging) effects," would only provoke the laughter of those gentlemen. If the Sentinel has not praised Normal, it does them no harm. If it has spoken harshly of the University, we trust the University may have strength enough of constitution to survive it.

Our object, in the article we are defending, was to rebuke, and if possible, suppress, a disposition, only too prevalent among us, to hear, and believe, and circulate stories that are injurious to an Institution, whose good name every citizen of our commonwealth, and especially every editor of a newspaper, in it, ought to cherish as precious to the best interests of our State. The University asks nothing but strict justice—a fair examination, and sentence accordingly. Is it fair, it is honest, to condemn her upon bare rumor, when an enquiry is so easy, and the facts of any allegation can be so readily ascertained? When she has, by patient labor, and skilful instruction, gained a reputation, that is bringing to her scores of young men from all the Southern and South-western States, and doing more, we venture to say, than any other College among us, to extend the fair fame of North Carolina, is it a becoming thing for the Sentinel, or the Patriot, or any paper in the State, to originate or give currency to statements, that are designed to injure, and if believed must injure her? Is this fair dealing? We leave this matter to the conscience of our friends.

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Letters from our Senior.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 9th, 1858.

Dear James.—I wrote you last week from New York, where I have since remained until yesterday. Since my letter, the weather has continued very disagreeable, gales from the Sun being exceedingly scarce. But in a city like New York, with high houses and narrow streets, one sees little of the Sun, even in fair weather; and to enjoy the beauties of "Star-gazing," or to "make love by moonlight" it will be necessary to climb up on the top of some house. These inconveniences, however, would be considered great blessings, if the same cause that excluded the Sun, would likewise exclude the showers. But rain, rain, rain, all day and all night; and day after day. If you would get a little idea of the muddy condition of the streets, look for a moment with the eye of your mind; not a carriage, nor omnibus is stopped by the falling rain; in fact, the number, if possible, is increased, and the rattling wheels continue their rambles with a deafening noise. Take a single stand-point for an hour, and you may count a thousand different vehicles pass you. The picture of one hour is the picture of a day, or a week. Enough water, enough dirt and enough stirring together with wheels, will soon make enough mud. This morning it has cleared off and the wind blows hard and exceedingly cold.

You have heard of Mlle. Piccolomini, the great Italian Operatic singer. I went to the Opera to see her, and I assure you, there is nothing like "reputation" to draw a crowd, bring down enthusiastic cheers and shower bouquets. Mlle. Piccolomini is pretty, graceful and sings well; but I heard another, whose name I did not learn, whose singing powers as far surpass Mlle. Piccolomini as M. le Piccolomini's reputation surpasses the unknown singer's.

Alluding to amusements, there is no lack of them for every night in the week. At Laura Keene's, "Our American Cousin" is attracting considerable attention; at Burton's, "Extremes," written by J. Austin Sperry, of the Virginia and Tennessee News, is having its season; the musical performances of the Ravelles are had nightly at Niblo's Garden; besides the Campbell Minstrels, Bryan's Minstrels, the Broadway Theatre &c., &c., &c. Lectures are also had in abundance on every conceivable subject and by every grade of talent.

I had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher lecture on "Sympathy as applied to common life." It was delivered by invitation of the Mechanics Association, the proceeds being applied to their benefit. The Hall of the Cooper Institute is said to be about the largest in the city, and yet it was crowded an hour before the time announced for the lecture. Mr. Beecher is a man that would be picked out of a large crowd by strangers. His face shows immense vitality and passion, with a head of strong intellect.

I was much pleased and edified with the handling of the subject. Mr. Beecher has a rich and flowing language, and I would judge, if not tied down by his manuscript, could bring tears and smiles alternately at his will from the audience.

Sunday in New York, I compared with the week, is quiet. Yet I saw a number of, I suppose liquor, doors open, and had newsboys singing out at me on my way to church, their long catalogue of papers. The street cars also, keep up their constant running, and on a rainy day as was this Sabbath, they are quite a convenience to the church-going part of the city. When the drivers and conductors have an opportunity for hearing preaching, I did not stop to enquire.

At 11 o'clock, I heard Dr. McClinton, at St. Paul's M. E. Church, a large and fine building recently erected. At 3, I heard some lectures before a Sunday School Missionary Society; one by a gentleman for several years a resident in India. He gave us interesting accounts of the customs and religions of the people; the belief of some in Mahomet, and others in the divinity of fire. Sostorg is this latter faith, that a follower would not extinguish the fire, if his house were burning. Another lecturer was an Agent for a long number of years, connected with the Indians, having removed with them from Georgia. Capt. Hudson, known in connection with the Atlantic Telegraph, had just completed his lecture on cannibalism, as he had witnessed it, when I got to the church. At night I heard Dr. Bethune, of the Dutch Music. This magnificent building, the largest and finest in the city, has been engaged for the winter, for preaching by distinguished divines, without reference to denominational creeds. After crowding every standing place, hundreds were unable to get in. It is thought by some, that if the whole of New York were to attend preaching regularly, there would be a large church room for a hundred thousand! What a multitude of heathens in our Gospel Land!

I would like to say something to you of the New York Press; but I lack time and space. The thousands and hundreds of thousands of papers printed off daily, are perfectly astonishing. And the amount of labor and expense immense! On Monday after dinner, the "President's Message," was read out by the newsboys; and every morning the full proceedings of Congress for the day preceding, are in the leading Dailies.

An election was held in New York on Tuesday for city Comptroller, Almshouse Governor and School Commissioners. It is said by the city papers to have been the most quiet election held in New York for a number of years. I did not see the least signs of anything going on, not even a ballot box. The Republicans distanced both Democratic parties combined. If I do not find an opportunity in my next to give some further account of New York life, I will tell you when we meet face to face. Our friend, James M. Edney, rendered me much service in prosecuting my business. He has a quick business turn, and can dispatch a great deal in a day. Fortunately I hit upon a Temperance boarding house, Wm. C. Greene's, Chambers st., where everything is in abundance, and no one in a disturbing mood. I left New York yesterday, without having had time to look at many of the curiosities being much hurried with my business.

On my arrival at Philadelphia yesterday, I saw posted up an announcement for a lecture by Hon. Horace Greeley. Having heard Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, one of the champions of Abolitionism, I concluded, through curiosity, to go and hear the other. The subject was "Great Men;" and notwithstanding he endeavored to picture himself as a model, yet he proved conclusively and wearingly to me, and judging by the large number that left the Hall before the conclusion of the lecture, to others also, that he was a "Great bore." I heard nothing witty, though repeated efforts; nothing very smart; and in the face of the speaker there was but little more expression than in a piece of chalk. His manner was perfectly dull and stupefying, and he read for one hour and a half. I hope "Horace" can do better.

I leave Philadelphia to-day for Washington, from which place I may write you again. C. C. C.

Arizona Territory.

Lieut. Mowry, delegate elect from the unorganized Territory of Arizona, arrived in Washington last week, and from him the correspondent of the Philadelphia Press learns the following interesting facts relative to this region of country:

The proposed Territory includes about one hundred thousand square miles, lying between California and Texas, its northern boundary being in close proximity to the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude. At the time of its acquisition, it was possessed of but little population, but has since steadily increased, notwithstanding the great impediment arising from the want of military or civil protection. The central portion of the Territory is situated on the Rio Grande, including the famous Mesilla Valley. On this river, some five or six towns have sprung up, their population in the winter of last June, written by Richard H. Battle, Esq.; an appeal to the people of North Carolina touching the erection of some permanent monument on the mountain summit, to which these towns have been erected since the acquisition of the Territory, and therefore all exclusive Mexican peculiarities of feeling have become extinct. The population west of the Rio Grande is concentrated in the Santa Cruz and Sonora valleys as also on the Gila river. The town of Tucson has a population of nearly one thousand, and that of Tubac over two hundred.

The American population largely predominates in the western part of the Territory. The legal vote is about three thousand. Very rich mines of silver have been opened in the centre of the Territory, also on the Rio Grande, opposite Mesilla, some of which are already yielding very good returns. The principal mining companies are the Sonora, Sepo, Santa Rita, Pacific, Patagonia, and Colorado, the latter working a copper mine on the Colorado. The copper obtained from this mine is said to be the best in the world, possessing peculiar properties of malleability, &c. Very rich gold plates have been opened within the last two months, on the Gila river, twenty miles from its mouth, at Fort Yuma. The gold of these mines is equal to the best placers of California. When Lieut. Mowry left some one hundred and fifty men were engaged in working the mines, and others were arriving very rapidly from California by both water and stage. A large amount of arable land is still unoccupied on the Rio Grande, Gila, and its branches, and the immediate establishment of military posts, as a protection against the Indians, will afford comfortable homes for many thousand emigrants. The cultivation is by irrigation, and two crops are raised annually, consisting of all variety of grains, fruits, &c. During the coming year farmers will find ready purchasers for their produce in the mining and overland mail companies, as also in the military forces. The climate is pleasant, and emigrating practicable, by the southern route, at all seasons of the year. The call made by the people of the Rio Grande upon Mr. Otero, delegate from Mexico, has been responded to by him, and he, in conjunction with Lieut. Mowry, will endeavor to secure for them the much-needed organization. The route of the overland mail company is in good condition, and the trip can, under proper management, be made in eighteen days, and at all events, in twenty-five days. Lieut. Mowry is in fine health, and brings with him choice specimens of gold, silver, and cotton seed. This statement may be relied upon as the plain facts in the case.

North-Carolina Conference.

The annual Conference of the M. E. Church South, for North-Carolina, is in session at Newbern. We made a short visit on our way home. Newbern was full of visitors, ladies and gentlemen, and but for our great anxiety to be once again at our post, we could have spent several days most agreeably. Bishop Kavanaugh is presiding with much satisfaction to all. The Hall of the Cooper Institute is said to be about the largest in the city, and yet it was crowded an hour before the time announced for the lecture.

There is nothing doing in Congress to interest a lobby member, and but few visitors in the city as yet. And finding the weather so extremely unpleasant, I have concluded to hurry home, and leave for another time observations in and around the City of Magnificent distances. My anticipated stay at Richmond, I will as far as possible; and passing the Sabbath in Newbern, the seat of the present session of the N. C. Methodist Conference, you may expect me early next week.

Were I not writing in a hurry I might give you some general impressions of life in general, but we are not now time now, and must defer to some future day.

C. C. C.

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THE TIMES



GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITES FOR THE TIMES,
HOPE.

BY LAURA CHAPIN.

When childhood's sweet and sunny days
Are lighted o'er by hallored rays,
And life no sorrow finds;
Even then we think of happier hours,
When God still greater blessings shows,
When He shall be all perfumed flow'r,
Tis Hope thus brightly shines.

And when life's sterner scenes we feel,
With cold realities we deal;
And in its cares we bled;
When all around seems to us cold,
And sorrow's dark waves o'er us roll,
And when grows weak life on our hold,
Hope cheer'd us even then.

We're earth's worst misfortune round us sweep
With grooms from out its horrid deep,
And all is sight but fair;
When we can grasp no friendly hand,
When broken is earth's dearest land,
By some who're in a hon'ly land,
Hope bids us meet them there.

Account of Cuba.

The Rev. Dr. Leyburn, of Philadelphia, who has recently visited Cuba, has written a series of letters descriptive of the "Gem of the Antilles." They appeared original in the Presbyterian of that city. The following extracts are taken from one of his articles, and will throw some light on this much talked of and coveted island:

PLANTATION ARRANGEMENT.

The ubiquitous Yankees, of course, could not fail to find a footing in a land where ounces of gold are as easily earned as in Cuba. Their services, too, are invaluable, especially as machinists and engineers on the sugar estates, and hence, numbers of them come hither, and some with whom we met had been here for years. Their wages are large, some of them getting as much as one hundred and fifty dollars a month and their living; but their life must be one of many discomforts, as they are on remote plantations, with little society but that of the negroes, the proprietors almost uniformly residing in Havana. On each plantation there is usually an "administrator," who has the entire superintendence of its affairs, under whom is a "moral," or overseer, who is not unfrequently one of the black. The statements of the machinists and engineers, who came as passengers on our ship from Havana, differed widely as to the treatment the negroes receive. Some of them said they had light work, and were well fed and clothed, and others, that their condition is in all respects as miserable as it can be. The staple article of their food is jerked beef brought from South America, in addition to which they have rice, plantains, and sugar cane. The latter would not seem to be a very valuable item in the bill of fare, though it is said to be very nutritious.

The slave trade, as is well known, is carried on a large scale, the Captain General, unless he is slandered, reaping an enormous revenue by winking at it. Their mode of proceeding is for several planters to unite, and send a ship to the coast of Africa, with an understanding as to what part of the coast she is to make for on her return. When she is about due, small fishing vessels are sent out to intercept her, whilst a vigilant look out is kept and signals are made from the shore to warn them in case cruisers are known to be in the vicinity. The human cargo is disembarked with all despatch, and after being concealed in the woods, in case of suspected danger, are carried off the first opportunity to their respective plantations.

COCOLES.

However hopeless the breaking up of the slave-trade may be, by moral influences, or the police of other nations, it is not improbable that the Coolie system, will in the end, lead to its abandonment. The Coolies, indeed, do not stand the climate as well as the Africans, and in other respects are not considered as good laborers: but they require no outlay of capital, and the supply bids fair to equal the demand. Already there are at least thirty thousand on the island, and admissions are constantly arriving. The afternoon before we left, a ship came in from China, swarming with these half naked, miserable looking creatures. In Havana there are numbers of them employed as boatmen, servants, &c., and some of those we saw in the streets on Sunday, had a very respectable, and even genteel appearance. Their treatment on the plantations, according to the uniform testimony we received, is much worse than that of the negroes.

The proprietor has no interest in preserving their lives or health beyond the time for which he has secured their services, and it is no matter to him if they are turned off at the expiration of the apprenticeship with constitutions broken down by overwork and bad usage. The Coolies, however, are not always as submissive as could be desired. They have sometimes risen up against the moral, and cut him to pieces. When the proprietor comes to arrest the culprit, and inquires who did it, "We all did it," is the reply of every one of them; and as he cannot afford to hang or garrote all of them, the master usually ends here.

The Coolies thus far brought to Cuba are exclusively Chinese. The planter pays the ship that brings them seventy-five dollars for each one delivered on the plantation. They are then apprenticed to him for eight years, he paying them six dollars a month for their services. As yet, the time of but few of them has expired. Those who have become free have mostly remained here, engaging in peddling and petty traffic of various kinds. It is predicted that many of them never will get their freedom—but the planters will manage by some means to keep possession of them, the Government winking at it, of course, "for a consideration." One of the American residents said to us that if the United States do not get possession of

Cuba soon, the Coolies will, as they are a sanguineous people, and if they continue to increase as they have done, in a few years they will have the majority of the population.

CAPABILITIES OF CUBA.

I am no advocate for filibustering, or of any sort of annexation which implies that "might makes right;" but Cuba is worthy of a better destiny than the wretched despotism which now oppresses her. In the hands of enterprising Americans, and under the benign and elevating influence of evangelical religion, this island would be not only "the Gem of the Antilles," but of the world. The fertility of the soil is almost boundless, the labor required in raising crops is comparatively nothing, and the remunerative value high. I am told that some planters, who have several estates, have an income of eight hundred thousand or a million of dollars annually. On new ground, sugar, which requires in Louisiana to be planted once in three years, will produce its annual crop for nine or ten years, so that the planter has nothing to do but to reap the harvest every year. Compared with such agricultural mines California pales small affairs. But notwithstanding these tempting profits to man's love of money, by far the larger portion of the island is yet a wilderness. A published statement which I have seen gives only one-twentieth part of it as under cultivation. Some part of this, it is true, is mountainous and untractable; but a very considerable portion is as fertile as that which yields so enormous a revenue. I understand, too, that at the eastern extremity of the island there are two ports with harbors equal to that of Havana—though for all available purposes to the Cubans, they might as well be in Africa.

In addition to the sources of agricultural wealth, there are other abundant materials wherewith an enterprising people would enrich themselves. Copper mines are already partially and productively worked; an abundance of coal lies buried in these mountains, ready to supply the fleets of steamers which run to and from here, whenever any sail that will dig it out and bring it to market; while the forests abound with mahogany, cedar, and other such woods as are used for furniture and the most costly fabrics. The Cuban cedar, the material of which cigar boxes are made, grows to a much greater size than our trees of the same name, the trunk sometimes reaching a diameter of three feet or upwards. With its varied products and resources, and its position, the wealth of the island, great as it now is, might be multiplied ten-fold.

DRAWBACKS TO LIFE IN CUBA.

The chief drawbacks to life in this beautiful garden-spot of the world, so far as we could ascertain, are the enervating climate, yellow fever and mosquitoes. The last mentioned is a serious grievance on the plantations. The Cuban species seem to be an improvement on our choicer varieties. To strangers their sting is very poisonous, producing a degree of inflammation which amounts to quite an affliction. The hands, wrists an ankles swell up and suppurate, making great sores, which leave pits almost as deep as those of the small pox, and much larger. A lady showed me the scars on one of her children, which fully confirmed these statements. It is a remarkable fact, however, that after residence of two years, the skin is scarcely affected, and the poison seems to produce little or no effect. One of the American residents accounted for this by the idea that the enervating climate renders the blood so thin and poor, that it is no longer capable of the same degree of inflammation.

As to yellow fever, if there is no more attention paid to the cleanliness elsewhere than in Havana, it is no wonder it prevails. The same cause would probably lead to its continued prevalence in any of our Southern cities. One of our company, who is a physician, repeatedly remarked, as we encountered the filth, garbage, and villainous abodes about the houses and in the streets, that it was not surprising that the Havana have the yellow fever. A proper system of purification would, no doubt, greatly abate the pestilential visitations, and possibly entirely prevent them.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.—Rev. Francis Wayland says of the liquor traffic: "If any man chooses to continue the traffic in alcohol, I have one word to say. My brother, when you order a cargo of intoxicating drink think how much misery are importing into the community. As you store it, think how many curses you are heaping together against yourself. As you roll it out of your warehouse, think how many families each cask will ruin. Look to your own fireside, to your wife and your little ones; look upward to Him who judges righteously, and ask yourself, my brother, 'Is it right?'"

ANTI-BAD-LUCK SOCIETY.—A society has lately been formed at Bordeaux to put down the superstitions of evil omens. As everybody knows, it is bad luck to begin anything on a Friday—or to sit down at a table with thirteen—or to balance your chair on one leg, or to spill salt between yourself and friend, the new society proposes to have regular dinners on Fridays, to have just thirteen guests, and to turn chair on one leg, spill salt all around before commencing. In the one whole year during which ill luck has been thus defied no single fatality has occurred to any member.

THE HEBREW.—The word Hebrew signifies *Transjordanians*, *He that cometh from the other side*, namely, of the river Euphrates, and is supposed to have been given to Abraham on his arrival in Canaan. The word Palestine signifies the *Land of the Emigrant*. How prophetically symbolic are the names *Hebrew* and *Palestine*! They both indicate that not one man alone was to be a wanderer Jew, but that every Jew was condemned to be more or less an exile and a pilgrim. Perpetually is the Isrealite a man that cometh from the other side far off, and every land that his foot toucheth is to him the Land of the Emigrant, where he hath no continuing place of shade. His doom is tragic: let us weep over it. *Critic.*

ANTI-SLAVERY LITERATURE.—The Philadelphia North American says that the demand in the North for works relating to slavery, whether in the nature of fiction or ethical discussion, which within the last few years, has been enormous, now is certain.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is stored in the world, scattered in books, periodicals, and daily periodical, and while it is scattered together, and properly arranged, would form a volume of useful information, invaluable to the mass of science, the professional artist, the statesman, the farmer, and the house keeper.

Business Cards.

Salad for the Solitary.

BY THOMAS EVERETT.

An omelet, Judgment timber, the one gives the greatest flavor, the other yields the durable heat; and both meeting make the best fire.

SCOTT'S OXYGEN.

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